

He Would Be a Boy Again.

Benson—Benson is a man of fifty, and weighs two hundred pounds—was reading the other morning how certain men were killing themselves by overwork and no recreation, and the writer went on to say that boyhood was after all the happiest period of human life, and what made it so was sport and recreation.

"Of course it is," thought Benson; "oh! would I were a boy again!" He remembered how he used to slide down hill on the ice; how he turned sandpools on the grass; jumped from the "big beam" in the barn, swung on the clothes-line, and gilded on skates, or bathed in the "deep hole." It made his heart swell as he thought it over, and he felt as if he would like to go back to those olden days. He could not renew his youth, of course, but his longing to go out into the back yard and practice those old boyish games could be gratified.

Mrs. Benson was away at a funeral, he had a nice grassy yard, and he flung down the paper and waddled out.

"Ah! the very thought makes me feel childish!" exclaimed Benson as he took off his coat and vest, and spat on his hands, "I believe I'll turn a few sandpools and limber up a little."

He selected a spot where the grass was thickest, and looked all around to see if Courtland was visible. Courtland is a neighbor, a hard working, pushing, scheming man, who would as soon think of setting his house on fire as to gambol with his children. Benson wished his neighbor was at home; he would like to see Courtland's stare of surprise as he, Benson, took a run, touched his hands lightly and flopped over on his feet. But Courtland was away and Benson couldn't be gratified. He put on his hands again, made a sudden dash, threw his hands down and his legs up, and the earth trembled. He lay at full length, hands clenched over his head, the small of his back across an old spider hidden in the grass, his shoulders almost out of joint, and a roaring in his head. He had failed, he knew he had the moment he came to, and as he sat up and looked around he was glad Courtland had not been there to see.

"I'm rather too heavy, I guess," he sighed as he rose up, "but I can play leap-frog as well as any boy that lives. Ah! my heart seems twenty years younger already!"

It didn't seem any such thing, and he knew it, but he hated to give up. There was an old post in the yard, and he had often seen young Benson take a run, catch his hands on top of the post and go over a leg on either side.

"Humph! I can do it like a mustang!" said Benson as he unbuttoned his shirt collar, spat all over his hands, and took a full breath. He balanced a moment in the air, waved around like a hen trying to walk a clothes-line, and then he went down head first. It seemed like a hundred feet to the ground, and he struck on his head, bent up, straightened out, and came to consciousness with one foot in the ash barrel and the other under his left shoulder.

"I did it on purpose!" he laughed as he got his legs under him again. "I wanted to see if I could stand a tumble as I did thirty years ago. I could go over that post like a bird over a fence, but I—I guess I won't—not to-day."

He wandered around a few minutes, wanting to give it up, but feeling a little unwilling to do that, and finally decided to jump the stick. He had been to the Fat Man's picnic a few days before and stood by while Collins had leaped over a bar placed five feet high.

"That Collins was always a self-conceited, stuck-up nobody!" muttered Benson, as he put a stick across two barrels. "I'll jump six feet high, and go down and tell the club, and take him down a peg or two."

The stick seemed to be three feet too high, but of course it wasn't. It was down to his lowest jump, and next time he would have to put chairs on top of the barrels. Pulling up his sleeves and using an old piece of clothes-line to girth himself tight, Benson stepped back, gave a whoop and made for the stick. He thought he was over it as slick as grease, when his knees hit it and he made a half-curve and shot for the chip pile. His nose struck an old coffee pot, a cast-iron hoop skirt wriggled over his head, and his teeth shut down on a bone.

"Put it too low—just 28 inches too low," muttered Benson, as he let go of the bone, and wrenched and twisted at the hoop skirt. "I'll jump that if I'm a dead man next minute!"

He went back to have another run, when he thought he'd wait a few minutes, then he sat down and thought he'd wait till towards night. Then he put on his coat and vest and concluded to wait a few days. When Mrs. Benson came from the funeral and saw his skinned nose, his scratched face, torn shirt and flushed face, she asked what ailed him, and Benson replied:

"I—I was thrown out of the buggy, my dear."

When Arthur was a very small boy his mother reprimanded him, one day, for some misdeed. Not knowing it, his father began to talk to him on the same subject. Looking up in his face, Arthur said, solemnly, "My mother has 'tended to me.'"

Home-Made Feather Dusters.

Soon there will be a mighty raid upon the poultry houses, and hundreds of chickens will have their heads and low in the dust, while their feathers will be pulled off, packed in a cool oven, and put away for future use. Now let me tell you that exceedingly pretty dusting-brushes can be very easily made of them, which will be very useful for dusting furniture, wall corners, cornices, etc., while they are always handy to use about a fireplace or stove. Pick out the prettiest feathers, and those of nearly a size, and run a needle, attached to a strong twine, through the stem at the end of the feathered part; then pound the quills flat with a hammer, so that they will lie close to the handle, which can be made out of an old broomstick whittled down and then painted; or you can use the handle of worn-out hand-brushes, or the like. Cover one end of the handle with thick warm glue, and wind the feathers, closely strung together, around the stick, commencing at the point of it. Have a glue-pot close at hand, and as you wind the feathers, wet them thoroughly with glue, so that they will stick tightly to the handle and to each other. When the brush is as large as you desire, cut off the twine, and wind another tightly over the quills, gluing it down. Then take a piece of scarlet green, or blue, oiled cloth, and cut the edge in points, round up the sides, and sew together so as to form a cap that will go over the handle of the brush, and cover the quills of the feathers. Make a hole with a gimlet through the handle, and put in a string to hang up the duster, and you will be fully paid for the work in the convenience of the article, and its tasteful appearance will also prove an attraction. If there are any old, worn-out window-brush handles lying around in the wood-shed or barn, you can put them into use. Cut out all the old bristles which remain, so as to leave the holes empty; and then fill up their places with bunches of feathers run on twine, and made just large enough to fit in; cut off the quill ends and cover the lower part of the with feathers glue, also droppings some into holes, and secure the bunches firmly into them. You can use smaller feathers for this kind of brush than for the feather duster, and when it is finished you will never desire another brush made of bristles. The downy, pure white feathers can be sewed upon a piece of cape lace, stiffened on the edges with wire, and made into elegant and tasteful feathers for young ladies hats. The feathers taken from the crest of a white turkey's back are particularly pretty for this purpose.

A Physician's Mishaps.

Last Sunday, late in the afternoon, a lad called on a physician not a thousand miles from New Bedford, desiring his attendance on a lady residing some three miles distant. It may be here said that the doctor on that day donned a new suit of clothes, and, with his newly purchased horse and carriage, visited the patient with the boy. Not having learned from the lad that the case to be treated was merely the extraction of a tooth, he had not brought his implements, so he sent the boy back with his carriage for them. The doctor sat down and chatted with the family to await the boy's return, but being somewhat impatient he went out occasionally and looked up the road and walked the yard. On these occasions a dog upon the premises watched his movements. Accidentally the dog walked into sink-drain, which did not tend to help the appearance of his clothing, but the family, however, soon made things right. It was getting late and the boy had not returned, when the doctor went out again, but this time was less fortunate. He noticed, as he supposed, the dog approaching him, but the animal proved to be a skunk, which perfumed the doctor's clothes. The boy arrived at length with the tooth-puller, but the patient had been so much amused at the doctor's misadventures and had laughed so heartily that her toothache was entirely gone, and she positively refused to have the operation performed, in spite of the doctor's remonstrance. But the doctor said she must, and she finally had to submit and lose the masticator.—New Bedford Standard.

The Dallas Herald says: A whole family were suddenly made bald-headed the other night in this city by their father catching fire from a candle. The father had brought home a curious toy, which was taken to a table upon which a candle was burning, for a closer examination of its novel character, and, all leaning over to inspect it the hair of the mother ignited, and with electric suddenness communicated with the hair of the others. In less time than it takes to write it a family of six were made bald-headed.

One of the young ladies at the Springfield watch factory, it is said, is at work upon a patent watch which will have hands so made and adjusted as to seize the wearer by the coat collar, every evening at about nine o'clock, and walk him off home. Ten gross have been ordered for use in Peoria, and ten gross of wives and maidens whose "beauty sleep" is too often postponed until after the winking hour, are praying for their coming.

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July 30, 1873.

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All kinds of cut-stone and Cemetery work done with dispatch, and warranted to give satisfaction.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Notice is hereby given that letters of administration were granted to the undersigned on the estate of Mary Cantrell, dec., by the Clerk of the Probate Court of Lincoln county, Missouri, on the 25th day of October, 1873.
All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them to the administrator for allowance within one year from the date of said letters, or they may be precluded from any benefit of said estate, and if not exhibited within two years from the date of said letters they will be forever barred.
JOS. CANTRELL, Adm'r.

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TRUSTEES' SALE.—Whereas, Shelton Utery, by his deed of trust, dated the 15th day of March, 1871, and recorded in Book 50, 544 page 4 in the Recorder's office of Lincoln county, Missouri, did convey to E. H. Thompson the real estate hereinafter described, to secure the payment of a certain promissory note therein described, and whereas said note is due and unpaid, and whereas the said E. H. Thompson, trustee in said deed, is dead, and whereas according to the conditions of said trust, the said Shelton Utery in the event of his death is authorized to sell said property; now, therefore, at the request of the legal holder of said note, and by virtue and authority and the power in said deed contained notice is hereby given that I, the undersigned Sheriff of Lincoln county, will, on

Saturday, December 13, 1873,
between the hours of ten o'clock in the forenoon and three o'clock in the afternoon of that day, at the court house door in the town of Troy, Lincoln county, Missouri, sell at public vendue to the highest bidder for cash in hand the following described real estate, situated in Lincoln county, Missouri, or so much thereof as will satisfy said note and the cost of executing this trust, to-wit: One-half part of 320 acres, being a part of a league, originally owned Chouteau, purchased by said Rogers from G. S. E. Vaughn and wife by deed dated the 15th day of June, 1852, and recorded in Book 1, pages 45 and 46, in the Recorder's office, county of Lincoln, which said land was by decree of the Circuit Court of Lincoln county, made at the April term for 1869, and said decree is recorded in Book 11 of the Circuit Court records of said county on page 190, and by virtue of said decree one-fourth of the above 320 acres was vested in said Shelton Utery, containing 80 acres, described as follows: bounded on south by Gabriel Thompson, on west by Alfred Hooks, north by Thomas Dicks, on the east by Alice Givins, containing 64 acres, all in survey 1733, township 31, range 1 east.
THOS. M. CARTER,
Shelton Utery Co.

TRUSTEES' SALE.—Whereas, Martin T. Britton and Lucina A. Britton his wife by their deed of trust, dated the 15th day of March, 1872, of record in Book 2, at page 120, in the Recorder's office of Lincoln county, Missouri, did convey to the undersigned trustee the following described lot or parcel of ground, situate, lying and being in the county of Lincoln, in the state of Missouri to-wit: Beginning at a corner on the line of Thomas J. Wright, deceased, and Jacob Sherry, and running along that line in a southerly direction nine hundred and forty-four (944) feet; from thence in a westerly direction five hundred and thirty-two (532) feet; from thence back to the place of beginning eight hundred and sixty-three (863) feet, and containing five and three-quarters of an acre, more or less; the said parcel including a part of two public roads, known as the Washington and Mexico roads, it being the same land bought by the said Martin T. Britton from Levi Hicks and wife, and by said Hicks from Thomas J. Wright, now deceased; which conveyance was made in trust to secure the payment of a certain promissory note in said deed fully described, and whereas default has been made in the payment of said note, now, therefore, at the request of the legal holder of said note, and in accordance with the provisions in said deed of trust, I this undersigned trustee will
On Saturday, December 13, 1873,
sell the above described property, at public vendue to the highest bidder, for cash, at the court house door in the town of Troy, county of Lincoln and state of Missouri, to satisfy said note and interest thereon, and also the cost and expense of carrying out this trust.
nov12n45 JOHN R. KNOX, Trustee.

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